

## Lift Off/Show Me by givupdafunk

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**Summary:**

They are away from home, no worries, isolated from the new problems in Hawkins. If not now, when?

## Lift Off/Show Me

### Author's Note:

This needed to get out of my head for awhile so I finally let it out. It's my first time writing really anything that wasn't assigned. But these two kooks falling in love inspire me. (Yes, it's probably considered smut or at least nsfw depending on who you ask.) Enjoy.

Her hand gave the final push to the door, and then grasped his shoulder, pulling deeper into his embrace. He was anticipating the sound of the slammed door; the sound that would signal that they were finally alone. Their walls collapsed at the sound of a firmly slammed door.

A few minutes ago, he had been shutting off the light in a dingy office on a pitiful pullout sofa, frustrated because he was getting new signals from Nancy, but didn't know what to do. Then a thought: I have no idea what I'm doing, but why should that stop me from doing it? Fuck it. Good enough. The light was back on, his feet hit the floor, a metal door was yanked back, then some blurry moments of panic as she appeared before him too soon, prompting the most honest act - he kissed her, it was really all he needed to say, and then... she kissed him back, then pushed away. He gave her a look that said "Stop. Just stop it. I want you, too." And then... lips, and hands, and hair, and want turned to need, and then... lift off, at the sound of one slamming door.

His kisses moved to her neck, nuzzling his way past the frills at the neck of her nightgown, as his arms lifted her up in a cradle just under her ass. She felt elevated like a treasure, a queen. Her hands found his shoulders, then she was kneading soft encouragement in his hair as he hungrily nipped and kissed at her breasts and abdomen through her nightgown, gently backing them towards the wall. She melted back against the wall, arching in delight as she saw him lift his eyes, those primal half moons just below an animal's arched brow, telling her - no, warning her - that he intended to show her how he really felt, right now.

Without breaking contact his arms slowly loosened as his hands found the apples of her ass cheeks, holding her firm. He's strong. Very strong. He slowly, with control, slides her down his front, still talking to her with a stare, still nipping and nuzzling her right up her jaw into her ear. She can hear his moans and pants as her hands slide softly over his face, trace down to his neck, grasping more frantically at his muscles, flexed, his strong back. He is not nine anymore. He pulls back to face her, his pupils huge, on fire and intense, but she can't leave his gaze. She's got no urge to run. They find lips again, and the conversation continues, this time with tongues and hot breath, and whimpers.

Her feet are finally placed on the ground. They both grip at the offending tops of the other. They impede each others progress until he steps away, ripping his thermal over his head, making his hair fly up in a frantic way. He's even sexier than she has ever imagined, and it's not the vodka talking. Though he's standing a bit away she feels his heat, smells what must be desire. His eyes dart up and down her body and she reads his question. She's only too happy to rid herself of her nightgown. She sees the primal look return to his face just before her gown goes past her face, momentarily blocking her view. As her head comes out on the other side, she opens her eyes to see him panting heavy, momentarily stunned. His eyes skim around her now naked body, looking at her everywhere, seeing her. She'd be lying if she said it doesn't excite her - embolden her - to know she has momentarily stunned a charging bear. He can only stand there, arms swinging slightly, hard breaths quaking out in heavy bursts, his bare chest heaving. His eyes are darker than she's ever seen; (will he kiss her or kill her?) Oh, baby. What have we done.

It only lasts a moment, as he comes towards her again, and when he finds her mouth it's as if they were separated for an eternity. He's gentle but firmly pushing forward towards her again, she arches her back off the wall to close the distance faster - flesh on flesh at last. Exhilarating. Their breathless sighs deepen, then hasten, then flutter. When his hands slide up her sides she allows him the access he needs to cup her breasts; she needs to see his face as he touches her for the first time. She tugs lightly at his neck to disengage the kiss. They are inches apart. "I want to watch you touch me." She whispers, the shy tone doing nothing to lessen the boldness of what she just said. She

watches him explore her breasts, enjoying the way he uses his tongue, then moves one of his hands down to her belly and he huffs out a trembling breath, his eyes searching for confirmation. Her hands glide across his chest; he sees the heat in her eyes and he knows that she is feeling just as excited to touch him as he is to touch her. He falls against her, her mouth inhaling his kiss, his legs nudging hers apart to fall between her, their centers finally connecting where they should, like two magnets finding their home, pulling two pieces together. Two pieces that can't help but seek the other, in the most direct route.

His hands find her ass, wringing against her panties, and he lifts as she wraps her legs around him, clawing at his back. They can feel everything now. Her stomach flips, releasing butterflies in a shiver down her spine as she feels him, hard, so hot pressing towards her quivering opening. His hands grip her ass, sliding under her panties, straining the elastic, pressing her into the places he most needs her. Where his hardness can feel her softness. A soft place that is pressing back. Her eyes tell the story; she does want him, too. She is kneading at his ass, encouraging his thrusts towards her, then frantically pawing at his sides, skipping along the ridges of his abs, whimpering, panting loudly, and then she says his name. "Jonathan, oh god, Jonathan, why in the hell have we not done this sooner?" He chuckles softly, loving her wit, and she snickers in return continuing to nip soft kisses from his lips as lilting giggles turn back into moans, and playful squeezes turn their attention back onto grinding and stroking. Her hand moves to run light fingers down his chest and curl down to grip his waistband. He moves his mouth to her ear and whispers "if you think this is good, wait until you see what we do next." She gasps, pushing into him, arching and moving her head back to look up into his glinting eyes above a wicked smile. She is so turned on by this man, her friend that makes her laugh, dries her tears, and turns her into a horny animal in heat. He's willing to fight monsters with her and then slam her up against a wall and shove his tongue down her throat. She may explode if he doesn't fuck her soon. "Are you ok?" He asks. He's pulled her away from the wall and is turning to carry her to the bed. In this moment, he's her caring friend, Jonathan, looking in her eyes, the way he always does. "I mean... is this ok?" She beams and sighs out "yes". Yes, this is ok. This is very ok. She drops her forehead to his as she nods against

him; they lock sparkling eyes and share a a hot, knowing smirk, before their noses and then lips meet for a single strong, deep kiss.

He walks on his knees onto the bed, still carrying her, he's so strong. He falls back on his heels leaving her straddling his lap. He wraps his arms around her pulling her in tight and his head falls into her chest, nuzzling at her nipples and pressing his face into all of the warm flesh that is hers - Nancy's flesh. He's addicted. "Nancy, oh Nancy. You are incredible." He's panting again and she's not helping things with all of the places she is putting her hands. "Jonathan... you are making me lose my mind" she says in between heated attacks on his lips. He's finally leaned back enough for her to work a hand between them and she makes no mystery about where she is headed. She works under the elastic of his pants and finds the tip of his cock. His sharp, sudden intake of air excites her more. She's watching him as she touches and strokes further down his solid, hot shaft. He lets out a breath that hitches into a series of gasps and moans. How can this feel so good? She shivers imagining what he will feel like inside her.

She wants to watch him touch her, too. She said so. He hasn't forgotten. He nudges her back. She slides back off of his lap and moves to her knees, too - she's so beautiful and bare before him. So small yet so strong and brave with all the vulnerability he needs to know she is real. "Nancy, I... you..." he places soft hands on her shoulders, gently stroking up and down her upper arms. Her right hand reaches for his waistband while her left begins to inch her own panties down. He reacts. Quickly removing his pants and helping her finish the job with removing her panties. He takes a moment to trace light fingers down her legs, touching the curves and muscles he's admired from afar. She is blushing and biting her lip, sneaking glances at his cock, taking it in for the first time. He is searching her face, feeling shy, unsure. She makes sure he is watching as she licks the palm of her hand, then reaches out, encircling his warm girth and begins to slide it in her hand. She seems surprised, intrigued, impressed... aroused. His face falls apart in ecstasy. After more than a few hazy, pleasure filled moments, his hand slowly glides across the space between them to find the soft flesh at her knee and slides up making small grips every few inches up her thigh. Is there any part of her that doesn't feel good? Familiar. Hot. Ready.

It's her turn to feel a little shy as his fingers begin to walk up her thigh and across her hip, he's actually smirking at her, enjoying her anticipation. She knew he was mischievous. This she likes. He's a tease. His head is dipping, still enjoying her hands, that animal stare is back, and his tongue is flicking and biting at his own lips as he watches her face. He looks at her newly exposed parts as well. He looks, and looks. His dark eyes tell her he may be too shy today to tell her exactly what he's thinking, but she knows she will like it when he does.

His fingers have almost made it to their target and her eyes widen into his. His fingers slide down the seam of her opening and her hips jerk as her eyes flash open, illuminated and locked on to his. Her head whips and she watches his eyes flutter, exhilarated at her movements. Neither one of them have ever been this bare. His other hand finds the center of her back so she can lean back and not fall. As he holds her steady, his thumb moves slowly back to the top of the seam, stopping to glide over her clit, watching her react as he explores her most sensitive parts, seeking out and then teasing the areas that make her eyes flash. His fingers push into the heat and find the path of least resistance inside of her, her eyes flutter and roll back, she leans back against the strong arm lovingly palming her back. He moves closer, placing soft kisses on her cheeks leading down her jaw to her neck and placing soft whisper kisses into her ear, all while sliding into a wet, tight, inviting heaven. Bowie called it a Velvet Goldmine and now he knows why. He has to remind himself to breathe. She grips both hands to his hips, writhing like his panther princess. He doesn't mind that she stops stroking him. He doesn't want to finish like that.

He's kissing her. Her full lips are so needy and they react on his flesh echoing the pleasure she feels around his fingers. "Nance, baby... I don't know what to say..." his voice trailing off, overwhelmed. The soft, husky, needy way he speaks has always made her weak. And now she is a puddle in his arms, whatever hesitancy there has been before about being more than friends, gives way to excitement, acceptance, surrender. "Nancy..." "Jonathan..." "just know..." "don't... just...show me..." "I really don't want to be your friend anymore... I mean... I do..." he says. She giggles "I know what you mean... I know..." she slides off of his fingers and lays back, her dark

curls splaying out, her eyes so blue, her lips so red, chest rising and falling in gusts over flowing with desire. Come here. It doesn't need to be said out loud. He follows, crawling towards his panther princess, intention in his eyes. The closer he gets, the stronger the pull. They fall together, like 2 magnets snapping into place again. He's sliding his cock just on top of her folds, feeling wet heat on heat, bracing himself on his elbows. Her knees drop open, allowing him full access. She's so slippery and warm, the sensation, oh god, he knows he's soon going into an even better place, but he wants to appreciate every sensation that makes them both sigh and twitch; she's trembling now and clawing and begging and panting. They both are.

He breathes his overheated desire into her lips as he pushes in and sinks slowly, pulling back and pushing in deeper, she's so tight, then deeper, she relaxes and lets him in further, her groans intensify with each push, her face, oh god, her face. It nearly wrecks him. He's trying to go slow, last. After everything that happened he feels joy again, feels right, feels complete. She's the only thing that makes sense.

Her face is still telegraphing all of the pleasure inside. She is art, she is poetry, she is a photograph betraying all things left unsaid, she is music, and his muse, she is the sights and sounds of his soul. She's always been in the soundtrack of his life. She catches his eye and touches his face with her left hand; he turns to kiss the palm. His lips rub along scar tissue and as he looks at her the spark of recognition shoots between them. He lifts his left elbow to move it closer to her body but still allowing him to stay braced above her. He turns his palm to her so she can muzzle her lips and nose to his scar. The sensation is erotic. Their sighs are so full of pleasure and a cracking emotion that they might cry. He continues to push as she rises to meet him, their mouths touching history, their history. The intimacy of the act, the knowing tenderness, splits them open. It's raw. Everything comes undone. There is nothing to hold back now. Somehow they find a way to push even closer. The next moments are the final blurs of need, passion, and unapologetic thrusts, growls, and matched want. They climb to the top, dripping in sweat, each step closer... more... more... more... more... more..... more... Every part of their bodies tense and then release. They break through the

atmosphere, into zero gravity, weightless, free, unbound, light.

As the breathing starts to slow, and the vision returns, he realizes her head is hanging over the side of the bed, illustrating their complete abandon and collapse. He doesn't clearly remember, but he has a good idea how she ended up there. No picture could tell their story better, he thinks. She seems unfazed, unaware of anything but the aftershocks of her orgasm. He gently withdraws and she sighs; so does he, even the pullout feels out of this world. He gently reaches to support her neck, gently kissing her damp forehead, and slides her back onto the bed. She is limp and allows it, one hand weakly reaching to steady herself on him. She gave her all, like she always does. He seldom gets to see her surrendered, not fighting, and it's special to him that she trusts him like this. She is so much more than beauty.

He continues to feel weightless. He's holding her close, kissing her cheeks as she slowly comes to, panting and flush with joy. "Wow, ok, where am I?" She smiles deliriously pulling him in for soft reassuring kisses. "Hi, sexy" she purrs. She is very content and they are both aware of the smiles on one another's kissable lips. "Holy fuck, Nance... oh baby... you... you are fucking amazing..." he continues with a sexier tone that she could get used to, "You are also in a lot of trouble, because I am definitely going to be hanging around you a lot more... holy shit... that is NOT the way to scare me off" he playfully growls and dives into her neck, nipping at her, making her giggle and playfully push him back. "You better not be scared off. I'd miss you." Her eyes twinkle at him as she ruffles the hair out of his eyes and tenderly holds his precious face. He is suddenly shy, but unafraid. He looks away as a small smile breaks across his lips, his dimples on display. They are friends and lovers. They light up the room with their smiles, their heat. They can't stop kissing, caressing, teasing, gripping, panting, smiling.

So this is how it feels to fly.